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POETRY.

THE BANISHED ONE.

BY T. E. FATE.

Out in the cold black world I'm thrown,
Friends have all flown but Jesus,
Treading the wine-press all alone,
Oppressed by evils grievous;
Thrown like a withered flower away,
Out in the cold lorn world to stay.

Many, indeed, are the years gone by,
That I've lived in the Christian union,
Looking to Jesus ardently,
Feasting on his communion;
Rejoicing in pride at each victory won,
By the church, while fighting for God's dear son.

Thus was my youth and manhood passed,
Working by silent waters,
Serving the church to the very last,
Loving her sons and daughters;
Now when my looks are thin and gray,
The veteran soldier is thrown away.

Out in the pitiless world alone,
With no one to cheer him but Jesus,
The darker the clouds that above him
The less is their darkness grievous,
Though every friend should have cast me aside,
Rest! He will give his bleeding side.

Driven in exile away from the fold,
Driven from visible union,
Only because of the love of gold,
I am driven from church communion.

Only in trials like these we know
The blessings his love can on us bestow.

Wandering thus o'er the world's cold
A pilgrim in exile I roam around,
Banished from churches, but not from God,
Hoping that justice may yet be found.

Knowing that Jesus will soon call home
And restore his suffering, banished one,
Osyka, Miss.

HOW MUCH OWEST THOU MY LORD?

I often see in the paper (see last RECORD) expressions like this: "A part of all we earn belongs to the Lord."

Is this true, Scriptural doctrine? If it is, I am a poor scholar or have been badly taught. Do not all that we earn and all that we have belong to the Lord? If only a part of what we have belongs to him, then we do right in consecrating to him only part of our hearts and a part of our service, for our earnings are no more ours than our hearts.

I am inclined to think that the idea above alluded to and which is so generally cherished, is a very pernicious one. It affects all our so-called benevolent work and influences the entire Christian life. It simply means that a part of what we

have belongs to God and a part belongs to us. With our part we can do what we please and God has nothing to say about it; with God's part we must glorify him. And who is to decide what the Lord's part is? Selfish as we naturally are, are we qualified to sit in judgment in such a case? Is it any wonder that, under such circumstances, the Lord's part is so very small? And yet how satisfied we are when we imagine we have given the Lord his part. Has he not got his share? With my share he has nothing to do and so with it I can buy whiskey or tobacco or any thing else that will gratify lust, or pride, or vanity. Can such ideas as these be any thing but pernicious?

The fact is, and we all admit it when we stop a moment to think of it, all that we have, and not simply a part, belongs to God. In our relations to God we have a *fee simple* to nothing, in our relations to man we may have such a right. The title to all we possess is in God. We are only his stewards. Every acre of land in the broad universe belongs to him, every piece of property, every man, woman and child, every created thing. Our minds, our wills, our affections, are not our own. We have no right to think will or love. We must choose what he chooses else we are guilty before him. He has an absolute right to us, soul, body and spirit, and we have no right to use any of our powers or possessions except as he directs.

"But may I not," says some one, "reserve a part of my earnings to feed, clothe and educate my family?"

No, you may not *reserve* any thing, for it is not yours to reserve. You might as well talk of reserving a part of the money borrowed at the bank with which to make your crop. It is not yours to reserve. You may use some of it for the purposes indicated, but simply because God has so directed. He requires it is his will that you use what belongs to him for that purpose. Your family belongs to God and he is caring for his own when he cares for your family. He has placed your family in your hands on the same terms on which he has placed your farm and your merchandise—on tithes. You are to care for your family for the Lord's sake, you are to train your children for him whose they are. They are God's creatures more than they are your children. He has loaned them to you to be "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." And you are under just as much obligation to do this work for God as you are to use your farms and your merchandise for him. If you do not do it you are withholding from God what is his due.

In this view of this case, every act of the Christian should be a religious act. If you buy or sell, if you plow, sow or reap, if you eat or drink, you should do it all for God, as his steward, and that is practical religion. If you have the care of children, if you sew, spin, cook or teach, you should do all these things for Christ. The same motive should prompt you in attending to these so-called secular matters, that prompts you in laying a dollar on God's altar to aid in sending the gospel to the perishing. The money that we spend for food and raiment, or for any thing whatever should be spent as conscientiously as the money we put into the Lord's treasury. It is all the Lord's money and we should never forget this in spending money for any purpose whatever. We are not our own, we have been bought with a price, therefore we should glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are his. There is no limitation to the command to glorify him. Glorify him. When? All

ways and in all things. Not with a part of our substance but with all. And we should remember not that a part of what we earn but that all we earn and have belongs to him and for the right use of it he will hold us to a rigid account.

W. S. Wynn.

Clinton, Miss.

POPLARVILLE.

DEAR RECORD.—After having your weekly visits for seven long years, you have been conspicuously absent a few weeks, but we appreciate you more than ever now. It seems to be a lay of our nature that we never appreciate a blessing until it is taken away. If there ever was any art about your dress or foulness on your breath, it is all cleansed and sweetened by the purgatorial fire of Jackson, and again, we bid you welcome. I am here as a servant of Jesus Christ, to labor in building up his churches, and have, therefore, succeeded in organizing some auxiliaries to the great work.

1. We have a literary school second to none, we think, in South Mississippi. Miss Mattie Miller, of Gellman, Miss., is Principal. Sixty-two are now enrolled, and as we will very soon have a commodious house ready for use, the increase will doubtless be encouraging.

2. We have a Sunday School well officered under the Superintendency of Bro. Paul Britt, who was baptized last February. Our Sunday School numbers more than fifty.

3. We have organized a weekly prayer meeting, which will be the means of developing the spirituality of the church here.

From what I have learned of the brethren of the churches composing the Holobochitto Association, I think that many of the churches seem to be a fearful retrogression in some neighborhoods—the churches being far behind what they were six years ago.

I attribute this very largely to the fact that the churches do not support their ministers; and whereas the ministers, (the mass of them,) in South Mississippi, are uneducated, and have been denied the privilege of "studying to show themselves approved unto God, workmen that needeth not to be ashamed,"—having to resort to secular means for a living—they are not as proficient as they ought to be in preaching the word, and absolutely, they cannot do pastoral work. I think if our brethren who berate "salaried preachers" could know the condition of this country, they would favor preachers doing that that God had called them to do, and the churches doing that that God has commanded them to do. Dear brethren there never can be a change for the better—for the glory of God and the uplifting of humanity—without a consecrated ministry. We need educated and consecrated young men—called of God—who are willing to take off their kid gloves and lay hold of the old gospel banner that is about to fall from the hands of our tried and noble sires, who have labored under such adverse circumstances. May God bless these faithful old veterans of the cross.

T. D. Bann.

AN EARNEST WORD.

The Mt. Lebanon College Building, furniture and library, were totally destroyed by fire on the night of March 7th, 1886. This College was founded in 1853, and has done a great work for our denomination and for Louisiana. Many of the best citizens, most useful Christians, and purest ministers of this and other States, were educated here. At the time of the fire, we had matriculated 120 students, and others have entered since. We have

five professors and teachers and one instructor in penmanship. During the current session, twenty-four pupils, including children of pastors, orphans of deceased ministers, and students for the ministry, have been taught free of charge for tuition, and others have been helped. On the morning after the fire, we opened at the usual hour, in the Baptist church, and will probably continue to occupy this house till the close of the present session.

And now, dear brethren, sisters, friends, can we afford to let this work stop? Do not the interests of our State, of our country at large, of humanity, and of our beloved denomination demand that it go on? It must not and shall not be truthfully said, that the burning of a house killed Mt. Lebanon College. Founded by God's children, cherished in their hearts and consecrated by their prayers, nourished by their contributions and watered with their tears, it is the Lord's, and this calamity, (if it be a calamity,) must and will result in great good and redound to God's glory. To erect and equip buildings adequate to our work—such as will do honor to our denomination and to Louisiana—we must have not less than \$20,000. We are asking and trusting the Master for this, and He is going to give it to us. (Mat. 21:22.) Let no Christian who reads this think or say "Impossible," but let every one pray for our success, and couple his gift with his prayer, and the thing is accomplished.

W. M. REESE,

Fin. Ag't. Mt. Lebanon College,
Mt. Lebanon, La., March 18, 1886.

MONROE LA.

Since I came to this place I have seen the condition of the church, or the work accomplished. On that account I think it would be well to make a brief statement.

Last year the church suffered materially for the want of a pastor. A dark cloud had overshadowed the church, but that like the morning mist has past away.

At the commencement of the year the church was not officered, now we have two deacons, brethren A. Lazare and J. H. Steele. Bro. W. C. Friley and myself ordained Bro. Steele, on the last Sunday in February.

Our Sunday School is in good working order, with Bro. Steele as Superintendent and a good corps of teachers. Miss L. James being organist in the school and Miss M. Bynum in the church. The school has presented the church with a Bible which was very badly needed, and also bought an illustrated diagram for the Sunday School lesson.

Our prayer meetings are well attended. Our Ladies Aid Society is in good working condition and is busily employed in all good causes.

We have two societies composed of little children called Jewels, one branch of which is under the control of Mrs. Drago at Trenton, the other is governed by Miss Bynum and Mrs. E. Richmond of our church.

The branch school at Trenton is still under Mrs. Drago's care and is doing much good. We have prayer meeting at Trenton as often as the pastor can find time to visit the flock over the river.

Since the year began we have had seven additions and several are just on the heels of entering the church.

The work here consist principally in binding scattered forces.

Our prospects are brightening every day, a more harmonious and sympathetic people I never expect to find. I feel glad that my lot has been cast among a people who are so willing to co-operate with a man struggling to do good.

I never felt so completely a member of the family as much as since I

came to this place. I mean the American family.

I love this place! I love the people! I love my work! and hope the Lord will show me clearly day by day where my duty lies.

Yours in Christ,

JAMES EVANS.

ROBELINE.

This is the name of a new town of rapid growth on the T. and P. road, 70 miles below Shreveport and 30 miles from Mansfield La.

Knowing that the Baptist people had no regular preaching there I sent an appointment for March 13th and 14th morning and night.

Dr. J. H. Cunningham warned me that I would find the Baptist cause "below zero."

Bro. Cunningham met me at the depot and kindly took me to his house and showed me every needful attention although he had some afflictions in his family.

To make the out look less hopeful he told me that the professional skater had an engagement in the "skating rink" at the same hour of my appointment Saturday night and he says the young people would not hear Spurgeon or Moody when the skating rink is open.

Saturday morning dawned brightly and at 11 o'clock the bell rang for services and I met one preacher, five women and one child at church, three of these came just in time for the benediction.

During the afternoon the skating man posted an announcement that owing to the preaching at night he would postpone his skating until Wednesday night, and so we did not have the roller skates *versus* the gospel.

A good congregation came out at night. On Sunday morning a better congregation, and Sabbath night a large crowd was out.

The Baptists have an organization here, and a few months ago the building occupied by the Bethel church, a few miles off was moved into town.

The upper room is occupied now by a lady teacher.

A saw mill man offers lumber free of charge I understand to ceil the house. Ceiled and painted the house would present a neat appearance.

The death of Rev. M. Scarbrough, two years ago, has been an almost irreparable loss to our cause in this vicinity.

There are Baptists enough here if they will all concentrate their membership and go to work to make a church sufficiently strong to move on well.

I have agreed to go back next month and very likely will accept arrangements which will be made to continue through the year.

Some of the sisters were at work when I left to set on foot a plan to get an organ.

Robeline has a good deal of life and with a good working church, a brighter out look will be apparent.

We are thinking of holding an other general meeting and have it in Robeline and if so we will be hospitably entertained.

G. W. HARTSFIELD.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

This country is not as sickly as its reputation indicates provided a person will take care of his health. One half the sickness of this valley is brought on by imprudence and intemperance rather than by the climate. One can be a good engineer in running the machinery of the human system by keeping out of bad weather out of night air, out of saunas, take a little quinine when he feels badly during the summer, drink cistern water and coffee rather than too much milk. The climate is more healthful for adults than for children yet some thoughtful loving

parents bring their little ones through the chill season without the doctor's help.

Those who live on new lands may expect to have chills much more than those who live on old lands and on the river front. It is wonderful how the colored people stand the heat and malaria of this valley. They are almost exempt from liver disease and Hematuria, the latter is a new and strange disease among the whites being very fatal. It generally follows a chronic case of chills.

The land in this region is I reckon on the most fertile on earth, its natural product is from four to seven hundred pounds of lint cotton and from forty to seventy bushels of grain per acre. Oh such land, it looks like everybody would be rich but the greater number here are poor because they rent, poor, because they do not work as God intended, poor because they spend money for whisky and buy supplies at credit prices which is near a hundred percent more than the cash price. A great change is needed, and is coming in the bottom when the saloons are closed, the churches opened and the farmers raise stock, fruit and grain; this valley notwithstanding its malaria will be the best country in the union. The greatest objection now is the immorality of the place, but this evil is being overcome in many places. There are a few "on the Lord's side" who love souls better than money, who desire "to obey God rather than men." Let us not forget this part of our own State it is a part of "the world" it is populated with a great many, great many sinners hence it is missionary ground. Surely it is the solemn duty of some to "go" there "and preach" the gospel and of some to go there and *live* the gospel.

E. E. S.

PAXTON'S HISTORY OF LOUISIANA BAPTISTS.

I have recently written the publisher to know exactly how much money is lacking to complete our book and bring out the edition of 2000 copies. He replied March, 12 1886, that the original contract was to do the work including portrait of the author for \$1252.00. He has received in cash \$548.00. I have in bank \$173.95, making \$721.95 paid, and leaving a balance to collect of \$530.05. I know of a few small pledges which can be collected which will likely reduce the amount yet to \$500. Recently I have met a brother who is satisfied that he can find several parties in the State who will advance fifty dollars each and bring out the book.

Sister Paxton is willing to let these parties have books to the amount of \$50 if they will make the advance.

Now brethren, why wait any longer? As chairman of the committee I have done the best I could \$721.95 cash has been raised \$530.05 must be raised. When the committee was appointed three years ago I thought the Baptists of Louisiana would furnish the money in three months.

TEN MEN ARE WANTED NOW TO GIVE \$50 EACH.

Please let me hear from you.

The manuscript was all prepared by Bro. William E. Paxton before he died and all was put into the publishers' hands just as he left it, except an introduction by Bro. F. Courtney.

As the publisher has been at work so long I feared he was suffering loss in the delay, but he is simply waiting for the promised money, I have begged long enough, come along brethren and help the work.

G. W. HARTSFIELD,

Mansfield, La.

BAPTIST RECORD.

OUR PULPIT.

SERMONS TO THE YOUNG.

CHARITY.

BY REV. PHILIP S. MOXON.

"Charity never faileth."—Cor. xiii. 8.

I am to speak to night of "Charity," not in the sense which commonly attaches to that word, but rather as descriptive of a quality of heart which is to affect and temper all our judgments of our fellow-creatures. The word rendered "charity" in the text and throughout this wonderful thirteenth chapter of the first Corinthians in the Greek *agape*, which means love.

The Vulgate, or early Latin version of the new Testament by Jerome, translates *agape* by *caritas*, which reappears in our "charity." The Latin *amor*, "love," has sensual uses, perpetuated in our "amorous," which utterly unfitted it for expressing the spiritual idea that underlies *agape*. That is why *caritas* and our consequent "charity" were used to translate a word which means "love" in its highest and holiest sense. The influence of Christianity has so exalted the English word "love" that it alone properly has place in this chapter as the equivalent of *agape*.

Thus should we read: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," etc.

Our text then reads: "Love never faileth." It has perpetuity because it is imperishable. He who truly loves is akin to God. John tells us that "every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love. The power of holy love is the clearest inward witness of man's immortality. That which is of God cannot die, and the spirit which truly loves participates in God's eternity. But I am to discourse now on a special aspect and manifestation of love; that is of love's practical working in our relations to our fellow-men—our opinions of them, our speech to them, and our deeds as influential to their well-being. Though I have taken a text which suggests the theme, the perpetuity of love, I shall, for the present, depart from the simple textual method, and present most of the thoughts that I would give you in the form of a free commentary on the verse preceding the text. That verse you will remember, runs as follows: "Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

FOUR THINGS. (1) BEARING.

Here are four things which, we are told, charity does. First, it bears all things. The word "bear" is the Greek *stego*, which means "to cover." The cognate noun *steganos* means "a roof," "a covering," and often "a room or tent." We find the verb used in classic Greek as meaning both "to cover" or "conceal," and "to fend off," and even "to bear up, sustain, support." Taking the word then, in its fully developed sense, we see that the phrase, "Charity bears all things," means "Charity covers, conceals, protects and sustains." But charity is a moral and effectual disposition. It is a disposition of a person and has relation to other persons. It is something in a man which looks outward. When it is said that "charity bears all things," it is meant that the soul in which charity is a prevailing disposition bears all things. For charity is intended to be a quality that shall largely determine our relations to others.

It is to be a power and flavor in our lives, else it is a mere abstraction. We are all familiar with the fact that the Bible inculcates love of man jointly with the love of God. But in many minds love of man is a vague sentiment. We profess in a general way to love all men, and fancy sometimes that we do love all men. But when we are compelled

by the circumstances of life to particularize, to consider some concrete individual, as John Jones or Richard Smith, we discover, if we are thoughtful, that we are a long way from practically realizing our divine obligation. The right love of man is more than a sentimental philanthropy. It is said that once Eugene Sue was met in the streets of Paris by a woman in tattered clothes who asked for help in her poverty. Sue refused to give anything and attempted to continue his walk. But the woman stopped him and with piteous importunity renewed her request. Again her prayer was denied, and this time roughly. Still she persisted, and Sue, turning angrily upon her, bade her begone, or he would give her over to the police. Then the woman, dropping her suppliant tone, demanded in stern and impressive speech, if this was really Eugene Sue, the celebrated advocate of the poor and oppressed, the man who so eloquently described and sympathetically lamented in his books the hard lot of the outcast and unfortunate. Astonished both at the tone and polished directness of the woman's speech, the great author asked, "Who are you?" She replied, "Madame," naming one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris and one to whom Sue had boasted of his benevolence, and suddenly left him stunned and conscience-stricken on the street. The story needs no comment. It is easy to be philanthropic in speech, to weep in books over the sorrows of the world, to be generous and sympathetic on paper; but a real love of humankind, such as Christ taught, involves a spirit of practical charity that is ready to realize itself in deeds as well as words in the face of concrete, manifest human need.

The truly charitable man bears not only the wants but also the sins and weakness of his fellow-men. Love is blind with a wise and tender blindness. It covers up the sins of others instead of eagerly seeking them out. It throws a mantle of pitying patience over many a folly and fault. It penetrates to the soul beneath the sin and, in a Christlike love for that, shields instead of condemns. There is a vicious tendency in the unsanctified heart to seek out and advertise evil. It is one of the most damning evidences of human degeneracy, this appetite for badness. How many people are open-eyed for the defects and misdeeds of others. They are always on the watch for some flaw in speech or conduct. They prophesy evil of their neighbors and rejoice with revolting exultation over a fall, saying with meanly-wise air, "I told you so." "I expected it." "I knew so-and-so was no better than he ought to be." Many who do not hunt for faults in others, when faults are exposed are quick in condemnation, having no pitying, no defensive word to speak for the evil-doer. As wolves set upon a wounded companion and devour him, so, often, men and women show a wolfish disposition toward those whom temptation has overtaken and maimed. But over against this unnatural natural disposition the New Testament sets the charity that bears all things, that is slow to detect a fault, that hastens to shield it from the gaze of harsh criticism, that defends the wrong-doer till mercy shall exhaust itself in seeking his recovery before justice lets loose his thunderbolts of penalty. This charity is not indifference to distinction between right and wrong. Indeed, there is no guaranty of a sensitive conscience and a clear moral judgment so strong as a deep and tender heart. God is so just because he is so good. Nor is charity a weak indulgence of sin. The cynic tells you that the man who is gentle with the faults of others only seeks to forestall judgment against his own. But the cynic speaks falsely. No man is so tender toward the failings of other men as he who is most severe toward himself. The Pharisee "hurls the contemptuous stone," and meantime is blind to his own defects. It is the proof of true love that cannot be put out of countenance or thrust aside

from its sweet intention by any show of opposing evil.

Christ could die on the cross, but he could not be scourged or buffeted or maligned out of steadfast love for human souls. And those who most closely follow Christ are most unconquerable in goodness. It was even on the cross that Christ won his chief qualification for becoming the judge of the world.

2. BELIEVING.

Next, charity believeth all things. This does not mean that love is weakly credulous, but rather that it is not shrewdly suspicious. It believes in goodness, and, because evil is always more obtrusive than good, has confidence in the existence of good even beneath the manifest evil. The charitable heart is slow to credit evidence of guilt. While a selfish spirit is quick to detect what is bad in conduct and invariably to impute bad motives, the loving spirit is quick to impute right impulses, and strives to discern the obscured good of conduct. Love believes in God, and it believes in man, not blindly and foolishly, but with the sure instinct that righteousness is more vital and more powerful than unrighteousness. No one can keep his faith in God who loses a generous faith in humanity, for humanity, despite its grievous falls, came from God, and God is tirelessly working in humanity for its redemption.

It is not, then, an undiscerning credulity that is expressed in the words: "believeth all things," but a large faith in that possibility of goodness which is in every soul. It is the spirit in a man which makes him say, when he sees a fellow-man struggling in the toils of temptation, or buffeted by many oppositions, or perhaps even falling into previous error and fault: "Well, I believe in that man; I am sure he would rather be right than wrong. I will help him and do him good." Selfishness has coined itself into a vile maxim: "Count every man a rogue until he is proved honest." That is worldly wisdom, and it is of the devil. But Charity says, "Count every man a brother, and in him, and overcome evil with good."

(3) HOPING.

Third, Charity hopeth all things. It is not only generously trusting with respect to the present, but it is also cordially hopeful with respect to the future. Love is the true optimism, steadily believing in the reality of goodness, amid the contradictions of the present, and joyfully expectant of the clear vindication and triumph of goodness in the time to come. It has hope in God, therefore it has hope in God's creatures. And this hope is not vaguely general—a nebulous confidence in the progress of the race toward a golden age of righteousness and peace. It is particular. It individualizes its objects. The man in whom charity has become a pervasive temper is hopeful with respect to humanity at large, but he is also hopeful with respect to individuals with whom he knows—hopeful that the erring will see the error of their ways and turn to the right, hopeful that the weak will become strong, hopeful that the sorrowing will ere long be lifted into a sunny joy. Love gives one a personal interest in the experience and possibilities of others. It interweaves his life with theirs, and brings the real oneness of mankind into consciousness, so that it ceases to be an abstraction, serviceable merely to speculatively inclined philanthropists, and becomes a vital fact. Then, the hope which the Christian man cherishes for himself, he cherishes for others also. And this hope becomes a formative influence over speech and conduct. It affects his opinion of others, freeing those opinions from injustice and bitterness. It puts warmth and helpfulness into his words. It impels to actions that work toward the realization of his hope by making men better and happier. When the world says of this or that fallen soul, "He is gone; nothing can be done for him, let him die," love says, "No, there is hope, for there is life, and

God good." Pagan nations used to expose the weak and helpless, for example, sickly infants and sometimes the aged, to death, as unprofitable burdens to be got rid of as soon as possible. The world is still pagan except as it has been penetrated by the spirit of Christ. The weak are pushed to the wall. They are pitiless thrown aside to sink and perish. How often you hear it said, "Such a one is not worth saving." But love has hope for even the lost, and in heroic divine contradiction of the world it seeks just those who are lowest, and bears, believes, and hopes for them.

(4) ENDURING.

Fourth, charity endureth all things. In these words are expressed the unconquerable patience of love. When all else is gone, this is the fortress in which it abides. When apparently it can no longer cover and shield, when it is seemingly denied the possibility of belief, and cannot even hope, then it endures, hiding fast to its sweet spirit and continuing in gentle strength to the end. No one has learned what patience is till he has learned to love in a Christ-like way. In love is the secret of God's long suffering. But enduring all things does not, by any means imply loss of belief and hope with reference to love's object. It is rather the culmination and result of "believing all things" and "hoping all things." When the heart believes and hopes it can endure.

Again, love's enduring is no grim and stoical quality. It is a patience of brightness, and its strength is in the very depth of its tenderness. The love that bears and covers, shields and offends also bears with them, puts up with that which is disagreeable and troublesome, and in no way diverted from its good intention, by the obstruction of things unlovely and evil. This is perhaps the very highest quality of character, the charity that endures. A man may be upright and yet be conquered by the frowning fells of the sins of his fellowmen may be driven into harshness of temper and bitterness of speech. But he whose uprightness is the supporting trunk of a broad-branched charity is invincible in his goodness.

SOME PRACTICAL QUESTIONS.

Here let me end the commenting, and turn your thoughts for a few minutes to the practical questions. Have we this charity of which Paul writes in such lofty style? and how is it affecting our conduct? Remember that conduct includes not only the deeds of the hand but also the thought of the mind and the utterance of the lips.

We come in daily contact with all sorts of people who have all sorts of dispositions and opinions. We come in contact with people who weary, or shock, or exasperate, or disgust us.

Unless our hearts are fortified with a real charity, we suffer and give many ugly raspings. The seed of animosities and strifes, of contempt and hatreds, fly in the air. Wherever they find a congenial soil which they always do in the selfish heart, they take root, and, like the weeds grow without cultivation.

If we consider such matters as the opinions and mental habits of men we have abundant scope for the exercise of forbearance. How often a difference of opinion on some question of mere theory will thrust sharp enmity between two minds. If we think ourselves right we must think that he who disagrees with us is wrong, and the contradiction of our thoughts stimulates our perception of wrongness in him who contradicts. So differences grow into antagonisms and strifes, when possibly, both disputants are mistaken, or are simply looking at an object from different points of view. The charitable man, while holding fast real conviction, respects the convictions of others, and is tender toward their mistakes and patient toward their faults. His heart does not go down into the arena of debate, but spreads its broad mantle of charity over all differences of belief. We are not to be charitable toward man-

ifest error. That would be to lose regard for truth, and truth is infinitely important. But we are to be charitable to those whom we consider in error. Love always discriminates between the thought and the thinker. Calvin may condemn the heresy of Servetus, but he may not guiltlessly burn Servetus at the stake, or even think vengefully of him.

Again, a true charity qualifies our opinions of others, that is of their characters. If we have a right spirit, it we shall be slow to think evil of our fellows. We shall be gentle with their failings, not making a mock of them and fastening upon them the stigma of our ridicule or our scorn. We shall be slow to perceive and to impute evil motives. We shall take account of weakness, and withhold an over-ready condemnation. It is better to save life than to destroy it. Jesus taught, and these words have a far wider application than we are accustomed to think. You may kill with a word as well as a bullet. The slaying of hope or of courage in a brother's heart may be a more grievous murder than smiting life out of his body.

Few of us realize the tremendous influence of our opinions and our speech concerning others. What we think of a boy or a girl, and what we say about them, often determines the moral tendency of their lives. Even in mature life many are so susceptible to this influence that they are lifted up or cast down by a little talk. Many a young man fighting his way in life against heavy odds, has been saved by some one's faith in him. Who is not roused in all his better nature by the thought, "Some one has confidence in me. Some one thinks I can be good and true." I doubt not there is many a man in a convict's cell or in his grave, tonight, for want of such words, for want of that charity toward him which suffereth long and is kind, which beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Still again, our deeds are to be the expression and conveyance of a true charity. An unkind deed is a wicked deed, and a horribly harmful deed; nay, there is even an element of baseness and cowardliness in unkind action. The really brave man is never cruel; for bravery is far more than brutal courage, it is moral, and has in it a heart of womanly tenderness. There are many men who have so great a scorn of offensiveness that they forget the truth that manliness and strength and bravery reach their highest development only in the soul that is fullest of love. It is defect of charity that ever makes the strong cruel, and the fearless base. There is no room for any clear virtue where love is not, for love qualifies all and gives them their royalty. It is a pertinent question: "What is our daily habit of conduct and speech in relation to our fellow creatures?"

There is something in this question which will be greatly prominent in the final judgment on our lives. For by so much as we have the love of man in our hearts, have we a true love of God. Do you remember Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem, "About Ben Adhem" (may his tribe increase)?

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised
His head, and with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The name those who love the Lord."

And is mine one?" said Adhem. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished; the next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed their names whom love of God had blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

An Apostle said, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."

Just here is given to us a clear view of the truth that love is one, and that there is no true love of man apart from a true love of God. "The only thing opposed to love of God is love of self." We see then how we may attain unto charity which we have been considering. It is not to be attained by any mere will-work, and hard schooling of ourselves into ways of patience and kindness, and ready service to all need; but by such fellowship and such communion with the Son of God that our hearts will grow like His, and His spirit shall beget in us all merciful and charitable tempers. For as we love Christ we shall love, in some earnest, practical way, all for whom Christ died, and he died for the whole world. Charity toward men has its deep root in the soul's perception and love of the good God. Here is the springing fountain of all graces and sweet dispositions. Yield yourself to the Lord and he will lift you to his point of view; and then you will strive to look on all about you as he looks on them; you will love them in some measure as he loves them, and all your words and deeds will be cast in the mould of that charity which suffereth long, and is kind; which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: it is of God, and its strong heart beats to the music of God's eternal life and joy.—Standard.

PATIENCE AND PERFECTION.

Not long ago I visited one of the temples of music which our metropolis contains, and as, in pursuit of duty, I soberly climbed the dusty staircase which led to one of its business rooms, my ears were ravished with the most entrancing strains. The air seemed full of music. It streamed from the walls on every side. It assailed my ears like some bright army of merry sprites, dancing, gleaming, flashing in the light, storming the fortress of my weariness as with the laughter of children, or the merriment of boys at play. It poured in cascades of melody through every crack and crevice of the passageway. It rolled and tumbled in billowy waves of most exultant harmony, as though some ocean of music were being tossed by heaven's breath, and touched by heaven's light. It dashed against the ear as though it were determined that its will should win. The rapture with which the unseen player seemed to thrill the instrument was the glad reflection of his exultant thought and joyous fancies. His hands swept music into life. It quivered beneath his touch upon the ivory keys as though his very spirit had imbreathed itself into their cold, dead forms, and all their dullness was instinct with emotion.

And then I thought upon the patient hours of long continued, plodding toil, when the fingers stumbled, and the nerves were dull, and the muscles slow to answer to their call, through which that great musician must have struggled upwards towards his high attainment in his art. How much self-mastery he must have known? What strong suppression of all tendencies to ease! How earnestly and eagerly and perseveringly through unseen days and years of painful efforts to achieve his end he must have disciplined each nerve and finger of his hands! And now, at last, he wins the laurels he deserves, for he has gained distinction by self-discipline. Patience has had its perfect work.

And no distinction anywhere is gained without self-discipline. The lights of holiness cannot be reached without a toilsome effort up along

the climbing path. In heaven at last each one who has been faithful unto death shall join the choir invisible which stands forever near God's throne, and hymns his praises through eternity. The bliss which shall be there no human heart has known. The rapture and the purity, the ripe perfection and the rest, are of that store of goodness which God has laid up for them that trust in him. But all that happiness must be the fruit of stern self-discipline and culture here on earth. We cannot have the highest things for naught. And if some self-denial tests our faith, let us remember that the faith in Christ which will not bear this test is spurious. No man can believe in him at all who does not believe in him enough to admire his character, to love his will, and to follow in his steps. He himself has said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." A daily cross cannot be very great, and it will not be conspicuous. But it will prove a searching test of character. And he who meets this test can heartily rejoice, for it is training him for perfect harmony with heaven's life.

That I conceive must be the meaning of the discipline of earth. It is constant. It is inconspicuous. It is unavoidable. But when one shall have learned that there is a trust which is better than any security, and a wisdom that is better than any joy, he can look back across the dreary deserts and the dark and cheerless nights of sorrow or pain or bereavement in which he learned the truth, and be thankful for their ministry. If the cross which patience lays upon our wills was very great, it could not be given us daily, for no life meets a crisis every day. But the Saviour says it must be daily borne. We may be well content to let patience have its perfect work in little things. The five-finger exercise may be enough at first. And the inconspicuous "Etudes" which were written by no one knows whom, and set for our task in the dreary, monotonous hours of daily practice and ceaseless discipline of every obscure faculty, may be the means, through patient use, of fitting us for heaven's music at the last.—Christian Weekly.

MISSIONARY CATECHISM.

The *Foreign Mission Journal* for March, beside editorials and letters from missionaries, has a Sunday-school lesson for the last Sunday in this month, to be used instead of the usual quarterly review. To many teachers who use the International System, the change will prove most acceptable. The lesson is the same as in the *Baptist Quarterly*, on the state of the heathen, but with better selected home readings and different questions. To this is added, what seems to be the main feature in this number, a Missionary Catechism for Southern Baptist Sunday-schools, covering in sixty-odd questions and answers, the history of Christian missions, and the work of our Board and the labors of its missionaries.

Though designed primarily for Sunday-school use, we dare say it will be found more valuable in the pew, not to say the pulpit. For it contains in small compass just the facts with which every intelligent Baptist in the Convention ought to be familiar.

We are glad to learn that besides publication in the *Journal*, the Lesson and Catechism will be printed in separate form and sent by mail to any Sunday-school which will agree to take up a collection on the 25th of March and forward at once to Dr. Tupper. What say you, brethren superintendents and teachers, shall we make the fourth Sunday in this month a grand day for missions? A million of pennies would make \$10,000; and be of untold worth to the cause. Let Dr. T. know at once how many copies he shall send you.

Subscribe for the Record.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN MOBILE.

The renowned Evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, were invited by the Protestant and Baptist ministers and representative laymen in Mobile to hold a series of gospel meetings in that city. The invitation was agreed upon according to the following resolutions:

"That we enter into this co-operative effort as individuals and not as churches; and that we confine our efforts strictly to the work of the salvation of souls and the upbuilding of men in spiritual life."

With this understanding all Christians could enter the meeting as individuals and work for the salvation of souls without stultifying themselves or without compromising their principles, otherwise they could not have united their efforts. As churches no union can be formed that is real in its nature, no union that will not show a palpable absurdity, and be misleading in itself, especially is this true as the matter stands between Baptists and Pledobaptist churches, for there is no unity between them. This is patent to every thinking reflecting mind. The sooner all the people come to see it, so much the sooner will a better understanding between all parties ensue.

The writer attended the said meetings in Mobile, which were held in the Skating Rink, being the largest hall in the city, and which was well filled at each service, the audience numbering I should say, from 3500 to 4000, and although there were such immense gatherings, I never saw better order, and attention. Of course nearly every body was on tip-toe to hear these renowned men, who proceeded, I suppose as they usually do, one to preach and the other to sing the gospel. Whether the expectations of all were fully met cannot be known.

Mr. Moody's sermons, excepting one, were not remarkable except in their simplicity and directness. The one exception was a sermon from the subject, "The Sword of the Spirit," which was I think the ablest and best I ever heard on the subject. This leads me to remark that herein lies the power of the preacher. He is a living, moving concordance, has studied the Book and is filled to overflowing with its blessed truths which he uses more than any man I ever heard. His sermons are filled with Bible incidents, examples and illustrations; with these he enforces the truth he preaches, and is never at a loss to know how to use the Sword of the Spirit. The Devil is met and routed at every point. I could not but feel that if we preachers would use more Bible in the make-up of our sermons, we would be more successful, if we would draw our ammunition direct from the arsenal of God's word, we would shoot with more effectiveness.

Mr. Moody is a poor orator, speaks in a conversational tone and it is rather flat, but occasionally he would rise in the power of his spirit and his big body too, and things would tremble, especially the platform upon which he stood. He is "mighty in the Scriptures," but not in grammar and rhetoric, and believe it or not, that was so satisfactory and consoling to those of us who have to beat our way through the fog of illiteracy. I enjoyed it so much. He is possessed of much common sense, and managed the meetings with great tact. He is more humorous than I supposed, quite frequently his audience would be convulsed with laughter, but he did not seem to intend to provoke laughter. The humorous would give place to solemnity and great seriousness.

As far as he advanced his preaching was Scriptural, on the whole I would say that no Baptist could object to it, but could say Amen to it more heartily than others; the reason is obvious, for apart from immediate conversions under his preaching, it is most valuable in overthrowing the whole ritualistic system of salvation. His preaching enforces immediate salvation with out the deeds of law, or ritualistic

manipulation, and more than any other truth he insists on the doctrine of the new birth or regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and lays special emphasis upon the proposition that the birth of the Spirit must precede any and all work acceptable with God. Could any Baptist do other than rejoice at such utterances.

So much for the preacher. What about the singer of the gospel, Mr. Sankey? Ah, herein lies one of the most powerful concomitants to the efforts of Mr. Moody. This sweet singer is the best I ever heard, captivates, thrills and holds the audience spell bound. Every ear is open to receive the sweetest notes of sweetest song which echo and re-echo through every recess of the spiritual man. One must be dead to the charms of sacred song, whose soul could not dance with holy joy, and feel enraptured amid the glories of redeeming grace while this gospel singer is making melody. His distinct pronunciation of every word he sings is remarkable. It would be difficult to determine which of the two men possess the greatest drawing power. The ought to go together, as they do.

The services of the last night of the meeting were more serious and pathetic. One hundred and thirty-eight persons arose for prayer, the greatest number perhaps that arose at any one time during the meetings. As to how many souls were converted and will be saved through the labors of these brethren, our God only knows. We are sure he will save his own elect whom he hath chosen, while it may be that many will turn back, like the dog to his own vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.

Services will be held at all the churches in the city by those who have charge of the various congregations. We hope our Baptist churches there may reap a harvest from the labors of these brethren, though they walk not with us, nevertheless, they have preached Jesus to poor lost sinners.

March 15, 86.

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JACKSON, MISS., MARCH 25, 1886.

EDITORIAL.

THAT CONFERENCE.

As the time for the State-Wide Ministers' Meeting draws near, the committee publish a slightly revised programme, to incorporate the results of a few suggestions recently received.

This is done to remind the brethren of the meeting, and urge them to make an extra effort to come to this important gathering. Churches could not do a wiser thing than to send their pastors to the Conference, and brethren in the ministry will certainly gather fresh inspiration by attendance. The Clinton saints will receive you with open doors and open hearts. Send your names to Pastor Gray, and do not forget the time. All ministers, and laymen too, are earnestly invited to attend, whether special work has been assigned them or not.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Accept congratulations upon the increase in size and make up of the paper.—D. I. Purser, Birmingham, Ala.

The good work goes on and we know not when it will cease. Over fifty have confessed Christ, for which God be praised.—B. N. Hatch.

We have commenced a series of meetings here which are being wonderfully blessed. Several have joined by baptism, and we have just begun.—L. F. Hall.

I would have enclosed a compliment on the vastly improved appearance of the Record, but I both understand and appreciate your modesty.—R. E. M.

We regret to learn that the health of Eld. J. D. W. Duckworth is too feeble for him to engage actively in the work of the ministry. His heart is in every good work.

Beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. We desire to give the Record a great, broad, spread over the Christian land. I want all the churches to whom I am preaching to take the Record.—S. H. Thompson.

A good sister whom we've long known and loved for her beautiful faith writes: Doubtless God sent the fire that he might have a purer, holier, more powerful Record, and while you put it all in his hands and trust him you will be able soon to praise him, even for the fire.

A pastor writes: "We had a deacon's meeting at my house last Thursday evening, for the purpose of organizing for better work for this year, and I feel hopeful that good will result from it, as we tried to ask the divine blessing upon us. When God's people's planning and praying are kept right along side by side, the work is apt to come up grandly. God bless that pastor and those deacons."

Every good citizen feels a sense of horror at the Carrollton massacre. Thirteen negroes shot down in a court of justice by an armed mob who came evidently for the purpose, is a sorry thing to fly over the wires from one end of the land to the other. It is a stain on our civilization, and there is only one way to wipe it off: The perpetrators must be found and punished,—punished as the law directs. It is no excuse that two of the negroes were bad. There can be no excuse for, and scarcely any palliation of such a butchery. And these 50 or 100 men can't all keep themselves hid. They can be found out. We wait for the officers to vindicate the honor of our State.

FIELD NOTES.

Our last notes left off at Okolona. From that stronghold of Baptist faith, we went to Blue Mountain to meet the pastors of Tippah Association. En route we stopped at

CORINTH.

The Saints here are still sore over losing their pastor. It begins to look as if they would have to be starved into calling a successor to brother Piker. After living on "pies and things" for a year, it does not suit the people to take plain fare, but they may have to come to it, and the sooner they make up their minds the better. At

MIDDLETON.

We were detained several hours. The only place to stop was at a house used as a hotel with a saloon in one corner, what a place! No lady present, a bed without sheets, no water in the room, miserable cooking but all these were the best parts of an establishment, reeking with tobacco smoke, whisky fumes, vulgar jests and profanity while the floors and walls were painted with amber. And in the midst of these infamies there were boys and young men, God have mercy on them. Whoever first called a saloon a "hell hole" had a talent for discovering similitudes. Reaching

RIPLEY.

on the narrow gauge train Tuesday, we were extravagantly dined at the Hines house and only 35 cents to pay. If this good lady feeds many preachers from Middleton as she did this scribe and at the same rate, we fear she will have to put her house into the hands of a receiver.

Past. W. T. Lowry took us out behind his Kentucky blooded mare. He was in the land where Dr. Broad says "there is a great deal of education—at horses," long enough to catch the fever. But we were pleased to note that he did not "talk horse." A fine horse is excellent, but when a man begins to think more of a horse than of people, as the manner of some is, he should remember that he is not a horse, maybe it is a pity that he is not.

The Blue Mountain people go up on the plea of squeezing the lemon dry. Preaching had been appointed for Tuesday night, and what a congregation. The large and pretty house was filled, and the people heard the word gladly, while the tired preacher discoursed.

Wednesday morning we preached to the girls a sermon from a text not in the Bible. We tried to tell them of that terrible disease, afflicting the land—the farming interest, the pulpit, the class rooms, the house-keeping, "just tolerable." Very few diseases are more prevalent and few, if any, more destructive of all that is nearly good.

Following this was a conference with the pastors, Berry Lowry, Buchanan, Shackelford, Lee and the universal Bishop Finley, who has done as all unite in saying a fine work in the Tippah Association as missionary colporters.

He is still pressing the war, and God gives the victories. The conference was encouraging. All of these good men are as true as steel. There have under the leadership of the departed chief, Eld. M. P. Lowry, put their little "piney woods association" in the front rank of working Associations in Mississippi. They intend to see to it that every church is reached and given a chance to contribute. To this Col. Ball would say, Selah!

After the conference, in company with Past. Lowry we went over to see the grave of his father. He rests beside his son-in-law, the gifted Sanford. His school girls have erected a beautiful monument at the head of his grave inscribed to the memory of Gen. M. P. Lowry, founder and first president of Blue Mountain College. The marble is white and pure, the shaft graceful, but the love which prompted these girls to do this thing, far more graceful and pure than the work of the artist could express in marble. Noble man, beautiful sweet girls.

One experiences sometimes peculiar emotions while standing by the grave of a loved, an honored friend. A flood of memories crowded on our minds, too many to record and some too sacred for human eyes. His work was done; the life long wish of his heart, "I want my children to be useful, is being fulfilled, and he rests not beneath the sod, but his noblest self rests in the bosom of God.

In the evening we were booked for an address to the boys in the Academy, of which brethren Durham and Lee are the teachers. A fine looking set of boys they are, and under the finest discipline. These brethren are preparing boys for College or practical life. We know of no better place in Mississippi, to send a boy for his preparatory education. No one who knows Prof. Durham needs to be told that order, thoroughness, kindness and a christian concern for the boys and young men reign everywhere. Bro. Lee, a recent graduate of Mississippi College is bringing up his side.

We talked to the boys on the Americanism. Coming out at the little end of the horn. We hope better things are in store for them.

A general address on education at night to a large audience and then limp and dry as pressed lemon we rested.

Since we last visited Blue Mountain things have greatly improved. The Female College has grown in numbers and resources, but most in the style of work. The future of the school is secured. Such consecration to the high purposes of education, such order, such piety, such hard work will have its reward. The male school has changed from the hands of Capt. Winston to those of brethren Durham and Lee. We are satisfied with it. And the best of all is both schools are right in line with all our missionary work.

LOUISIANA NOTES.

KEACHI.

By appointment we came to Keachi on the 12th inst., to hold a meeting of days. The congregation met at 11 A. M. and we had a delightful service of prayer. At night there was a good congregation and the meeting began in earnest. Several came forward for prayer. Many had been praying for a blessing and it came at once. Every day the meetings have increased in interest, and at each service, morning and evening, sinners have come acknowledging their sins and confessing Christ as their Savior, as many as thirty or forty at a time would rise and come forward for prayer.

Strong men and little children have bowed to the truth and have given themselves to the service of the Master. Large congregations assemble in the morning and the house is packed at night. At times the power of the Spirit is so manifest that the scene rises to the sublime, every heart is touched, and none seems able to resist. All denominations unite heartily, and work earnestly for the salvation of souls. Keachi is blessed.

Large numbers of young men from the College attended, nightly, and many of them have found Christ. The young ladies of the College do not attend. Why?

It is a pleasure to labor with the saints at Keachi. They are so kind and appreciative, and evince the deepest piety. Bro. Cassidy and Liverman, ministers of the Methodist Conference are present nearly every service, and aid no little by their earnest efforts and prayers.

Brother Tomkies who is greatly beloved by this church and Community, is present and renders valuable assistance visiting from house to house, and every body seems glad to see him. Several say to us, "you do not know how much Brother Tomkies is loved by the people of Keachi."

We are greatly surprised to see among the resolutions published in the Record last week, the name of deacon F. M. Fortson. He is present at every service, and actually employs himself in talking to sinners and urging them to come out on the Lord's

side. He comes forward with the rest of the members of the church and gives us his hand saying he has greatly enjoyed the meeting and has been benefited by it. We have frequent conversations with him and he never alludes to any trouble between himself and the church. His own son, Marion, a noble boy of fifteen, has professed conversion and united with the church during the meeting, and his father was present.

And we were surprised to see his name there for another reason. The preamble to the resolution says, "we especially regard their actions (the actions of the church) on the 27th of November 1885, as unbaptistic, and unwarranted by the word of God." This surprises us because the actions of the church alluded to, were passed without a dissenting voice and were approved by the unanimous vote of a council representing fourteen Baptist churches. All in looking at the certified copy of the proceedings of that council we find the following statement: "before the final vote of exclusion was taken" (excluding T. N. Coleman from the fellowship of the church).—Rev. W. S. Penick again led in prayer. After the motion for exclusion was carried by the church, it was asked of the council whether the church had proceeded in accordance with Baptist law and usage, and the council unanimously decided that the church had proceeded in accordance with Baptist law and usage.

Rev. E. L. Fortson (a brother of deacon F. M. Fortson) stated to the council, that if this was not the case, he did not know anything of Baptist customs.

Dr. F. Courtney presided over the church during this trial and that he ought to convince any one who knows him, that the proceedings were baptistic and warranted by the word of God.

I. J. Oliphant, another signer of the remarkable resolutions, attended the meetings and his nephew, deacon conversion and joined the church. We think there must be some mistake about deacon Fortson signing those resolutions. Surely he will not allow himself to be arrayed against the decision of a large and intelligent church, against the opinions of the intelligent representatives of fourteen Baptist churches, against his own brother, one of our most useful and experienced pastors, and against the general sentiment of the whole community in which he lives. We are loath to believe it. But whether it be so or not, the good old church at Keachi moves on untroubled. God is in the midst of her, and many sons and daughters have lately been born into her family. Rarely have we ever met in any church more earnest, Godly, consecrated, intelligent men and women. We would hesitate a long time before we would array ourselves against the decisions of such a body of Christians.

As an item of news we may say, that we saw Mr. Campbell in the congregation at Keachi, and hear that he has united his interests with Mr. T. N. Coleman in the publishing business.

We had the sure, while in Keachi, of me with young Dr. Read, a son of Judge S. D. Read, of Lake Charles, who had come to take his sister home from Keachi College.

Rev. W. M. Alfred has just returned from a trip to Bastrop, Rayville and Monroe. He seems pleased with the brethren of the Bayou Mission Association. He made collections for our Board at each of these points.

KEACHI BAPTIST COLLEGE.

The Trustees of this institute have appointed Rev. W. M. Alfred as their agent to raise a fund for improving and refurnishing the College buildings, and we learn that his efforts have so far met with gratifying success. This institution has a host of friends all over the State, and they will no doubt, deem it a privilege to contribute towards improving its facilities and equipping them to come out on the Lord's

Board of Trustees, consisting of many of the most distinguished men and most useful citizens of the State are Judges Harris, John Brown, J. A. Ramsay, W. H. Jack and S. D. Read, Drs. T. J. Allen and W. X. Mosley, O. L. Durham, L. E. Walker, J. M. Bowles, E. J. Harwell, R. T. Walton, Rev. C. W. Tomkies, James Williams, Green Jackson.

They are determined to spare no efforts to make it worthy of the patronage of our citizens generally. They are already in correspondence with some of the ablest teachers of the South with a view to procuring the very best faculty that can be obtained, by the opening of the next session.

We commend their agent to the liberality of the Baptists of Louisiana. W. S. P.

MISSIONS.

MEETING OF CONVENTION BOARD.

We have assumed the responsibility of changing the next regular meeting of the Board from Tuesday 12th, to Tuesday 6th of April, the beginning of the Preacher's Conference, and to ask that the Board meet in Clinton instead of Jackson. We think the change necessary, because it will be impossible to have a full attendance at two separate meetings so close together, and the Conference cannot make another change.

H. F. SPROLES,
W. T. RATLIFF,
B. W. GRIFFITH,
ROBT. KELLS.

A SPECIAL APPEAL TO THE LADIES MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

Dear Sisters: Many of you know that our beloved sister, Mrs. M. J. Nelson, of New Orleans, is now laboring under the auspices of the Home Mission Board, and that our State Mission Board assumes her support.

It has always been my firm conviction that you, the Christian women of Mississippi, ought to support Mrs. Nelson and I am glad of this opportunity to bring the matter definitely before you. Dr. Tichenor, Secretary of the Home Board, has communicated with the Central Committee, begging that we urge upon you this blessed work, the maintenance of one whose praise is in all the churches, and whose ministry of love among the children of New Orleans, commends itself to all our hearts.

To the secretaries, I would say, confer with the members of your societies, as soon as possible, ascertain whether or not they are willing that their contributions to the Home Board be appropriated to Mrs. Nelson's support, and state the decision in your report to Mrs. Quinche, for this quarter. I feel sure that the sisters will be glad to give this definite proof of their interest in Mrs. Nelson's work, and I trust the quarterly contributions may be more than sufficient for her support.

Mrs. Quinche will receive the contributions, and forward them to Dr. Tichenor, but if some other channel is preferred, do not fail to send her a report of all funds contributed.

With Christian Love,
Mrs. J. L. JOHNSON,
President of Central Committee.

The first Sunday in March was a good day at Pleasant Grove, Chickasaw county. We took a collection for missions under the apportionment plan, resulting in \$23.50. Fellowship church has paid \$6.50 for Missions and proposes to make it \$10 by the end of the year.—A. R. Hicks.

Dear Sister Gambrell: Ever since you told me that "our last quarter's report was burned, but it was very meagre, and that you felt discouraged," I have wanted to say a word to the good sisters of the State, and as this month closes, the quarter, it seems an appropriate time.

I somehow do not feel discouraged, from the simple fact that I believe the sisters are interested in the work, and are still at work, and I write simply to urge upon them the importance of making a full report of their work. "But," says some

good sister, "I am really ashamed of the little we have done."

That is one good reason why we should report our work. It will stimulate us to greater effort. Now let every society, no matter how small, or how little you have done, gladden sister Quinche's heart by sending in a report for the last quarter which closes with this month. If you have neglected to report for some time, bring up the arrears and let us all know what you have been doing.

When the report is published, and on comparing your work with other societies, you have reason to feel ashamed, bestir yourselves for the next quarter and send in a better report at its close.

Few of us, I think, are able to say we have come up to the Master's requisition—which, while very comforting, is also very searching—"She hath done what she could."

M. J. W.

Clinton, March 19.

The churches which have not taken collection for Home and Foreign Missions since the last meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention, should give heed to that part of the work now. If you have taken these collections, do not wait, but use the time for other collections. Every church should be represented in the reports of the Board at Montgomery. We must push these collections now. The last three months of our conventional year will be given exclusively to our State work.

We were with the Natchez folks Sunday. The church is prospering and very happy. If the State Board had done no other work for a year past but support this mission, it would have justified its existence. Here is a church house worth \$10,000 saved to the denomination, and a church ready to dissolve, growing up into strength and usefulness. Pastor Leavell gives timely notice that the Convention is to go to Natchez next time. They want it, will take care of it, and as West Mississippi has not had it in so long a time, we move that Natchez be the place. Let's go down and see this child of the Convention.

"At the recent Burma Baptist Convention, three different languages had to be used in transacting the business of the meeting. Many are the tongues of mortals, the immortals have but one."—*Farallu Mission Journal*.

"On to the Interior," is the watchword of our missionaries in China. Brethren shall we not help them on with our prayers and contributions?

Little Bahala church, sends money for missions through her pastor. They are praying for the work, praying and giving ought to go together in the Lord's work.

"I will not give one cent for Foreign Missions," said a Baptist. Well brother, we want you to do the heavy lifting on the Home Mission corner.

That true soldier, Elder W. W. Finley, of Rannels, Texas, writes: "I am serving the church here, Preach twice a week and have an evergreen Sunday-School." He adds: "I have a home-like feeling for Mississippi." Suppose you come home brother?

We recently had the pleasure of a brief visit from Brother Earle, of Kentucky, an uncle of the wife of Brother J. N. Hall, of the Baptist Gleaser. He was on a flying visit to his sister, Mrs. Brougher, of Jackson, a prominent member of the W. C. T. U. He is a staunch, well-informed Baptist, and about the only unbaptistic thing we know of him is that he dubbed the Junior whom he knew in connection with the Western Recorder, as "General." The title rather stunned us.

The undeniable effects of Christianity on national, domestic, and individual progress, wrought through the organizations, ministries and missions of the Christian church, in knowledge, virtue, order, freedom and mercy, testify not only that the God of truth revealed it, but that the God of history is with it and within it.—*Bishop Huntingdon*.

A FEW WORDS TO TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.

The Temperance struggle in Mississippi is entering on a new and we hope successful stage. The "Local Option Bill" will, to a great extent, change the methods of warfare. There is need just now of great wisdom and energy.

One danger which threatens the movement now in many places is a spirit of disappointment and discouragement growing out of the repeal of local restrictive legislation which was secured at the cost of much labor and money. Such a feeling is unnatural. Indeed, if some felt a pretty strong disgust it would not be strange. But our business is with the future, and to the future our united efforts should be directed. A canvass of the question in "dry" counties will not be barren of good results, provided it is done with spirit on our side.

During the sitting of the Legislature it was often said that Temperance people were not united among themselves. That was partly true and partly not true. There are Temperance men all the way down from the third party man to the young chick who favors a mild form of moral suasion. But the advance man need not shoot back at the rear ranks. There is nothing to prevent a solid movement under the present law for the suppression of the traffic in the several counties. As one who could not favor any law that threw away past labors and victories, we can heartily unite with those of a different opinion in making the most of the present situation. And this we say the more freely, because the present law has some very strong features, notably that one regulating the granting of licenses in counties which vote "wet." Many little towns will go "dry" for lack of 25 land owners to sign for whiskey. Prohibitionists have abundant reasons to be satisfied with this feature of the law.

Our faith is strong that with a united effort we clear out two-thirds of the counties in the next two years.

PETTY ANNOYANCES IN MEXICO.

Miss Claude White writes to the *Christian Index* of annoyances to which our missionaries are subjected in Mexico. Miss M. C. Tupper, daughter of Dr. H. A. Tupper, is a teacher in the Madeiro Institute, Saltillo, Mexico. She says that it is impossible for her to get a good piano for use in the school. The Catholics have all the good pianos. Miss Tupper says: "There are excellent pianos in Saltillo, but it was a long time before we could even rent one, and then we could only secure a very inferior one—all because we are Protestants." Miss White's plan is to have the friends of the Baptist school work in Mexico to contribute funds and buy a good piano and send it to Miss Tupper by Express. The Express charges of \$25 or \$30 will be paid by the school.

It is painful to be subjected to these petty annoyances. If any one wishes to aid in this enterprise they may forward contributions to Miss Claude White, Rockville, Md.

APPOINTMENT.

Brother L. Ball will pass through the Zion Association, preaching at the following times and places:

Shiloh Saturday night, March 27.
Lodi, Sunday night.
Walthall, Monday, 19th, at night.
Be'Montain, Tuesday, 30th, at night.

Calaretta, Wednesday, 31st, morning and night.

Pleasant Grove, (Grenada co.) Thursday, April 1st, Morning and night.

Syboğa, Friday, 2nd, morning and night.

Slate Springs, Saturday and Sunday, April 3 and 4.

Spring Hill, Monday, 5th, morning and night.

Cross Roads, Tuesday, 6, morning and night.

Pleasant Grove, (Chickasaw co.) Wednesday, 7, morning and night.

Midway, Tuesday, 8th, morning and night.

Let the brethren and sisters and everybody else attend and give Bro. Ball a hearing, he will interest you. The great cause of Missions which he represents should engage our efforts. The Mission Board we have learned, is in great need of immediate help. Help dear people

help! Our Missionaries are in the field laboring, we have promised to sustain them, and they rightfully look to us. Let us not disappoint them and as we pay them, their wages let us pray to the Master to give them success.

J. P. THOMPSON.

WEST POINT.

To-day I baptized four converts, the fruits, in part, of Dr. Hoyt's [Presbyterian] meeting. There are at least four more to follow. One of those baptized to-day was Mr. Quinn, the father-in-law of Elder J. T. Christian, of Chattanooga, Tenn. He is 66 years old to-day.

M. V. NOFFSINGER.

ATTENTION.

Delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention should send their names to

Wm. A. Davis,

Montgomery, Ala.

He is Secretary of the Committee on Hospitality.

STATE-WIDE MINISTER'S CONFERENCE.

Acting on the suggestion of several brethren we have arranged the following revised programme for this conference suggested by Brother Melvin and approved by many brethren.

Baptists and higher education. (C. E. W. Dobb, J. B. Edwards.

Doctrinal teaching in the pulpit and through the press.—R. E. Melvin, W. H. Tucker.

Pioneer missionary work and lessons to be drawn from it.—N. L. Clark, H. Pittman.

Influence of Baptist Schools for young ladies on our denominational life.—L. S. Fiker, W. T. Lowrey.

The importance of Mississippi College to all our Denominational Enterprises, its necessities and how to meet them.—J. W. Bezman, Z. T. Leavell.

The Organization, Universal and Harmonious Co-operation of the Baptist forces in Mississippi.—J. B. Gambrell, S. Landrum.

More Preachers and Better Preachers. A. P. Pugh, H. F. Spokes.

Necessity, Obligation, and Present Opportunities for Preaching the Gospel to the Heathen.—Geo. Whitfield, L. E. Hall, Jean Vane.

Sunday-school Work Among the Baptists of Mississippi.—M. V. Noffsinger, W. A. Mason.

Necessity for, and best means of promoting a genuine revival of Religion among Preachers and People.—E. B. Miller, R. N. Hall.

We have asked brethren to make special preparation and begin the discussion of the subjects with which their names are written, not to exclude anyone, but to be sure of some one. Every brother is requested to come prepared to give his best thoughts on all the subjects.

Upon invitation of the Clinton Church, the Meeting will be held April 6-8 in that town.

L. S. FOSTER.

J. T. BECK.

H. F. SPOKES.

GENERAL MEETING OF THE BAPTISTS AT ROBELINE, APRIL 20, 1886.

PROGRAMME.

1. Introductory Sermon.—Rev. S. Landrum, D. D.

2. Destitution in Louisiana and How to Supply it.—Hon. W. H. Jack and Rev. C. W. Tomkies.

3. How to Develop the Mission Spirit in the Churches.—Rev. A. P. Seofield and Rev. B. F. Browne.

4. How to Make the Pulpit More Effective.—Hon. Boling Williams and Silas Ponder, Esq.

5. Co-operation Among the Baptists of Louisiana.—Dr. F. Courtney and Rev. J. S. Payne.

6. An Open Bible: the Hope of the World.—Hon. S. D. Read and Rev. G. W. Hartfield.

7. Relation of Education to Christianity.—Isaac Carter, Esq., and Hon. W. C. Harris.

8. Our French Mission.—Rev. A. Stagg and Rev. Jno. F. Shaw.

9. Convert Culture.—Rev. W. S. Penick and Rev. B. W. Blakewood, L. L. D.

10. Present and Future of Keachi College.—O. L. Durham, Esq., and J. C. Pugh, Esq.

11. A Baptist Paper in Louisiana.—Rev. J. A. Walker and Rev. M. O. Stridling.

12. Early Training of Children.—Rev. M. E. Shaddock and Hon. E. Henderson.

13. Woman's Work in the Churches.—Essay—Mrs. Boling Williams.

The first named on each subject to write an essay, and the second to open the discussion.

NOTICE.

The Sunday-school Institute of the 2nd District of the Strong River Association, will hold its next meeting with the Concord Baptist Church, beginning Saturday before the 5th Sunday in May.

PROGRAMME.

The objects and aims of the Institute.—Elder J. A. Scarborough.

2. The Savior's second coming, and what effect should this truth have upon the lives of his followers.—Elder J. E. Thiapen.

3. What is essential to valid baptism.—Elder J. J. Walker.

4. A greater familiarity with the Bible as an adjunct to effective services.—Elder A. A. Lomax.

5. The importance of a colporteur work.—Elder S. M. Williams.

6. The "Faith" spoken of by the Apostle Jude, what is that faith, and when was it delivered.—Elder R. Drummonds.

7. Observance of the Sabbath.—Elder J. C. Buckley.

8. The conversion of children the prime object of Sunday-schools.—J. E. Thomas.

9. What does it take to constitute a Scriptural church.—Elder H. K. Farmer.

Brothers, be on the ground promptly at 9 o'clock, in order to have a preacher's meeting before opening of the Institute. Everybody who has love of God at heart please come! Brother Farmer and his good people will receive us with gladness.

R. WALKER, President.

J. H. LANE,

Secretary.

LOCAL NEWS.

Prof. J. M. Sharp was in the city last week.

Lieut. T. C. Lowrey was in Jackson Friday.

Miss Nannie Campbell is visiting Greenville.

New Shades! New Wall Paper! at Eyma Co.

Rev. J. J. W. Mathis dropped in our office while in the city Monday.

Rev. A. Taylor was in the city Monday, and paid us a pleasant visit.

Rev. Walter Hillman, of Central Female Institute, was in the city Monday.

There are 20 buildings under contract, to be speedily erected in West Jackson.

The Normal College at Buena Vista Miss., will have its new Catalogue ready for distribution in a few days.

The Capital Light Guard will have a full Dress Parade on Friday night, the 26th inst.

Hon. P. H. Lowrey, a prominent lawyer of Senatobia, Miss., passed through the city en route to that place.

Miss Maggie Webb, the accomplished daughter of our President of Mississippi College passed through the city en route to her home in Clinton.

We wish to call special attention to the advertisement of Mr. W. A. Whitling, which appears in another column. He can suit you in price and quality of goods, unless you belong to the class that can't be suited by anybody.

Brother S. Drummonds, of Westville, visited the city this week. He did not forget the Record and his church, Mt. Zion, did not forget the Convention Board.

If you are suffering from a sense of *chilliness*, try one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will cost you but one dollar, and do you incalculable good. It will do away with that tired feeling, and give you new life and energy.

If one can be suited in Ice Cream, they will pronounce that for sale at the Ladies Exchange excellent. We profess to be a judge, and we've tried it and find no fault in it.

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, before retiring, will soothe the cough, allay the inflammation, and allow needed repose. It will, more-over, heal the pulmonary organs, and give you health.

We call attention to the card of Mr. Wm. J. Brown, Sr., in today's paper. He has made a specialty of the oil business and never sells any except such as will stand the severest test. He has sold a million gallons of oil and no explosion has ever occurred with his oil. If you want a clear, bright, safe, light, call on him.

Buena Vista Normal College has lately become an individual enterprise. The present faculty have bought the College Buildings and Grounds, and within eight weeks will have another large boarding-house ready to be occupied by girls only. Prof. Dickey and wife will have charge of it.

A good brother and his wife looked in on our sanctum this week, but he straitly charged us not to put his name in the paper and we will not do it, though we cannot see why he is ashamed of coming to the Record office, we are not a bit ashamed and we greatly enjoyed the call.

THE BEST

boon ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, 34 Arlington St., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful

Blood

purifier, it is very much superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. All persons of scrofulous or consumptive tendencies, and especially delicate children, are sure to be greatly benefited by its use." J. W. Starr, Leola, Iowa, writes: "I have been troubled with scrofulous complaints. I tried several different preparations, which did me little, if any, good. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. It is my opinion that this medicine is the best blood

Purifier

of the day." C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and unable to obtain relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles, am greatly benefited, and believe it to be the best of blood purifiers." R. Harris, Creel City, Ramsey Co., Dakota, writes: "I have been an intense sufferer, with Dyspepsia, for the past three years. Six months ago I began to use

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It has effected an entire cure, and I am now as well as ever."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1; Six bottles, \$5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

IF YOU WANT A CLEAR, BRIGHT

SAFE LIGHT

—USE—

Brown's Non-Explosive Petro

—AND—

Brown's Family Oil,

TO BE HAD AT

BROWN'S OIL DEPOT,

—AND—

Jackson, Miss.

I have been studying and experimenting with oils for seventeen years, and will not sell an oil that I do not consider safe as oil can be made.

FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

Lamps, Chandeliers,

—AND LAMP FIXTURES—

In the State, constantly on hand.

FAMILY GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

Old Lamps and chandeliers re-bronzed and repaired.

I buy everything for SPOT CASH and

will sell at the lowest figures

Wm. J. Brown Sr.

HAVE you heard of Dr. J. H. Mc-

Leau's Tar Wine Lung Balm? It

is really wonderful how rapidly it

cures Coughing, Throat and Lung

Troubles.

5-6m

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

Since its baptism of fire has entered upon its Tenth Volume. In all its history, it has boldly and fearlessly advocated Bible truth as understood by the Baptists. While doing this it has always been conservative, eschewing controversy, save where the interests of truth demanded it, and urging

PERFORMANCE OF DUTY.

Rather than an interminable discussion of those questions which minister to strife.

Being called into existence by a committee of the Baptist State Convention of Mississippi it has ever been the firm friend and zealous advocate of those objects constituting the

WORK OF THE CONVENTION.

Steadily it has grown in the affections of the Brotherhood until now it enjoys a warm place in the hearts of the Baptists of the State and in many hearts in the Louisiana Baptist Brotherhood. It may now be regarded as upon a

SOLID FINANCIAL BASIS

And as no longer an experiment. To make it a paper of which the denomination in the State may feel justly proud, it only needs (1) The hearty co-operation of its friends in increasing its circulation; and (2) CONTRIBUTIONS TO ITS COLUMNS from the many good brethren in Mississippi and Louisiana and elsewhere, who can write well.

ITS IMPROVED FORM.

A six column quarto, will add much to the neatness and beauty of its appearance, and will also increase its capacity for doing good.

OUR LOCATION,

In Jackson, the capital of the State, which is a railroad centre, gives us fine mailing and banking facilities, and many other advantages.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

This feature of our work will be continued with increased facilities for serving the Baptists of the State in procuring religious books. We can furnish any religious book or any number of tracts upon as easy terms as can be secured by our friends in ordering direct from the great publishing houses. Any of the following Standard Works may be had from us:

Clark's Notes on Matthew.	420 pp.	\$1 50
Clark's Notes on Mark.	394 pp.	1 50
Clark's Notes on Luke.	504 pp.	1 50
Clark's Notes on John.	336 pp.	1 50
Clark's Harmony of the Gospels.		1 50
Hackett's Commentary on Acts.		2 00
Harmonie Arrangement of the Acts; Clark.		1 25
Along the lines at the front. A general survey of Baptist Home and Foreign missions.		1 50
Baptist Year Book.		25
Baptism of the Ages and Nations, by Wm. Cathcart.		1 00
Craup's Baptist History.		1 75
Lectures on Baptist History. Wm. R. Williams.		1 75
Help's to Zion's Travelers. Hall.		90
The Blood of Jesus.		30
Bunyan's Inviting Works.		1 25
Howell on Communion.		90
Church Order. J. L. Dagg.		1 50
Distinctive Principles of Baptists.		1 25
Faets and Fancies in Modern Science.		1 25
Madison Avenue Lectures.		1 50
Manual of Theology, by J. L. Dagg.		2 00
Rome Against the Bible, and the Bible against Rome. W. S. Plummer.		40
D. D.		60
Scriptural Law of Divorce, by Alvah Hovey, D. D.		60
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BAPTIST RECORD.

HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted By Mrs. M. T. Gambrell.

POETRY.

FORGOTTEN THINGS.

BY OLIVIA J. PANA.

A score of little burdens
On strength and spirits weigh,
A score of dark forebodings
On hope and courage prey.
And many cares are drawing
With tension like to pain;
Oppressed, and weak, and weary,
Are heart, and hand, and brain.

And yet the dark forebodings
That haunt and torture so,
And 'tween the daily burdens
Are sorrows far, I know,
Because I had forgotten

Some precious changeless things,
Forgotten all the comfort
Remembrance of them brings

One is that name, "our Father,"
And all the love it holds;
How it our want and weakness
Our cares and fears enfolds!

I am a child before him;
I need not be alone;
Life's burdens or its struggles
My hand may clasp his own.

Not all the years can fathom
That gracious name of his,
Nor need the passing sorrow
The comfort of it miss.

Nor other word so closely
Guards all our weakness round;
Nor with a care so tender
Doth all our life surround.

Another thing forgotten
Lies very close to this:
Learning the one, the other
The heart can scarcely miss

How that, from out the cycles
Of his eternity,
One day, and then another,
He gives my life to me.

Because the things I long for
Seem thwarted and delayed,
I need not, therefore, wonder,
Be anxious or dismayed.

I know good things come slowly,
I know the years are long,
The giving of all guardians
Doth to our God belong.

"The love to-day assuring
All anxious doubts and fears,
"Our Father," changeless, tender,
Rules the eternal years.

And he whose perfect purpose
Only the ages see,
Orders, and shapes, and gladdens
My days and ways for me.

EDITORIAL.

THE HELPFULNESS OF AFFLICTIONS.

To eyes that have never been enlightened by the influence of the Holy Spirit afflictions seem the very reverse of help; hence, to all such it any such chance to read these lines, the expression "helpfulness of afflictions" will sound paradoxical. But it will take only a little thoughtful looking back over the lives of those we have known to be useful and helpful in their day and generation, to prove that the very afflictions which hung as clouds in their skies contributed to the clear shining of the robe of the Son of Righteousness in their lives.

A Christian woman whose way had seemed hedged about with blessings until the untimely angels were ready to ask of her as was asked of the man of Uz, "dost thou serve God for naught?" and one said: "oh, it is no trouble for Mrs. E. to be a Christian, she has everything that heart could wish; she never knows want or sorrow. I could be a Christian and love God if I were in her place."

It was not long till financial disaster befell her husband, under his losses and the perplexities attendant upon them he sickened and died. In all her sorrows the consecrated woman maintained her integrity to God. She regretted her loss of wealth because she felt that in it she had lost a means of doing good. The sorrow of her heart for the loss of her husband was so great that she gave up all hope of being happy any more but she resolved to give her life to helping others, sacredly she kept her resolve, homes that in the days of her wealth, she could not have found entrance in, were

opened to her and without fear of offending, without envy or pride, the inmates listened to and loved the gentle woman who held her own griefs in abeyance to soothe theirs and, second, the Lord whom she served.

In her old age she testified, "my trials, my afflictions helped me to be of more use to others than all my prosperity."

Some Christians have trembled through years of temporal prosperity over the thought that if some sudden and dire calamity were to come upon them, faith would fall and they should deny the Lord, but have, when the time of trial came, remained steadfast.

A Christian woman said to her pastor, "I've for years had perfect health and never regarded it as a gift from God to be used in his service, henceforth I am resolved to consecrate it to works of love for Christ's sake." That same day her horses took fright; she was thrown from her carriage and carried home a hopeless cripple. But her influence for Christ and her labors for the salvation of souls were doubled by the taking away of her health. Years after she was in her grave, a useful, talented Christian said, "nothing ever so impressed me with the glory and beauty of Christianity as the sweet spirit of love and resignation evinced by Mrs. S. all through the long years of her weary, invalid life. I owe my awakening to her patient Christliness."

People may deny the truth of a precept but example furnishes an unanswerable argument, so Christians may offer words of comfort and precepts of resignation and they may fall cold, dead and meaningless upon the ear of grief, but let one who has been much in afflictions bear himself with a cheerful trust, a brave resignation and his men will comfort where the words of others fail.

In conversation with a young man of remarkable intellectuality but of much unwisdom, we were pained to hear him speak sneeringly of the credulity which accepted the teachings of the Scriptures as inspired. After hearing him talk for some time about epidemics of thought and the tinging of the mental atmosphere by mythological and pagan rites and ceremonies, with superstitions, fall of which in different forms of speech, we had repeatedly heard before, said young man was out of baby clothes, we asked, "what have you to say about the comfort in sorrow, the solace for grief which through centuries past bereaved, tired, tempted, and troubled ones have found in the scriptures? Wait till you have some real trouble, some great overmastering sorrow and then perhaps you will realize the inspiration which you now deny."

"Ah," said the young man, "that is the one argument I can not meet. I can not understand why all sorrows send Christians to their Bible and why they always find comfort there."

Thus the behavior of Christians in affliction offered an argument that skepticism could not meet that philosophy could not controvert.

We may then comfort one another and strengthen our own hearts with the knowledge that our afflictions help us in removing everything that can hide from us the Master's face and help others in that they see in us the reflection of the Master's lineaments. And in conforming our lives to his life of holiness we do glorify him in our bodies and spirits which are His.

SELECTED.

MARGIE'S FRUITS.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

"Can you say your verse, Margie?" asked mama one bright Sunday morning.

"I guess so," replied Margie, rather hesitatingly, as she turned from the window where she had been watching the frolics of her pet kitten. "It is something about

fruits, I believe. I don't know what it means, though."

"Get your Bible and learn it right away. I will explain it to you when you can say it," said mama.

Five or ten minutes later, Margie presented herself before her mother with a puzzled expression on her face.

"Herein is my father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples. That is the verse, mama, but I do not understand it. Does it mean real fruit like apples and pears and grapes? And how could everybody have lots of those?"

"No, dear," replied mama smiling, "It means a different kind of fruit from that. You know, Margie, that of ourselves we are very selfish, impatient, fretful and oftentimes disobedient, and when we are, we grieve our Heavenly Father, for he wants us to be Christlike in all that we say and think and do. He has promised to help us overcome these wicked selves of ours, and to grow to be like him. It is not easy or natural for us to do that of ourselves, but Christ's spirit in our hearts changes us."

"If you will look in your Bible, you will find that Paul wrote to the Galatians that the fruits of the Spirit—Christ's Spirit, you know—are loves—that means not only love to God, and papa and mama, but a loving, helpful spirit for all. Then 'joy.' God does not want his children to be fretful and unhappy; and we have every reason to be joyful, for we know that he loves us and cares for us. 'Peaceful and long-suffering'—when we remember how patient and long-suffering God is with us, don't you think it ought to make us forgiving and patient? Then Paul says we must have faith and be faithful—trustworthy about everything—meek and gentle, forgetting ourselves, ready and anxious to serve and please others. Suppose, Margie, you take your Bible and learn the names of these fruit of the Spirit, for God wants you to bear them in your life."

"Is that being a Christian, mama?" asked Margie.

"Yes, dear."

"But I thought, being a Christian meant going to church, giving money to poor folks, and such things. 'God's children do these things,' but being a Christian is trying to be like Christ every day, and every hour of the day. Won't my little girl try?"

"I would like to," replied Margie gravely and earnestly.

"You must not forget to ask God to help you," said mama, kissing her tenderly. "And now we must get ready for church."

"I thought being a Christian was something hard, but I don't believe it is," thought Margie as she went up-stairs.

"Margie," called mama the next morning, "I want you a few minutes."

"What for?" asked Margie as she came reluctantly in from the piazza where she had been playing with Nellie Ames.

"You have not put your room to rights, nor dusted the sitting-room yet, and you know that our rule is work first and then play."

Mama spoke pleasantly, but firmly, and Margie knew that she must obey, so she went for her duster. When she came back with it, mama had gone down stairs.

Now Margie knew perfectly well just how mama wanted it done, but she was in a hurry to get back to Nellie, so she flew around as fast as possible not stopping to shake the table spread, nor move the books on the shelf. Generally it took her ten or fifteen minutes, but this morning she was through in less than five. Then she hesitated a minute or two. She knew very well that mama wanted her to make her bed and put her room in order, but she did not want to stop a bit.

"I don't think it is polite to leave Nellie so long," she said to herself, but she knew very well that that was no excuse at all.

"I'll just go out and see her a few minutes, then I will go up-stairs. Mama won't care for that."

But alas! for Margie. Once out

with Nellie, she forgot to go back and finish her work.

"Want to go up to Kent's woods chest-nutting?" said Tom, appearing in the dining-room door just after dinner.

"Oh, I guess I do," replied Margie, clapping her hands delightedly. "It will be just splendid."

"All right, be ready in five minutes—or less."

"I am afraid, Margie, that you cannot go," said mama very gravely. "You have not done your work yet."

And then Margie remembered, if she had only done it when mama told her.

"Could you wait, Tom? I would hurry ever so fast."

"Don't see how I can, little girl, for I've only just got time enough anyway. Isn't rather late for your work to be undone?"

Margie went upstairs with eyes overflowing with tears. "Oh, dear! If she had only done as mama told her, she could have forgotten so! It was just as nice and pleasant as it could be, what a fine ride she would have had! She always had nice times when Tom took her. She had been chest-nutting this year earlier and Tom was going back to college next week, perhaps there would not be another chance. Margie's ears flowed afresh at the thought and she shook the pillow's savagely as though they were to blame for her disappointment. She would make the bed just as horridly as she knew how, and she would not dust at all, nor put the dressing table in order, she was half a mind not to do a single thing, she felt so vexed and disappointed. Of course she knew that it was her own fault entirely, this was not the first time she had had to stay at home on account of neglecting her work."

The more she thought of it, the more of sorts she grew; it was so wrong to think that she alone was to blame for her disappointment. "Oh, dear! And only yesterday had meant to be such a good girl, to bear so much fruit! Perhaps, after all, it was not so easy as she thought."

And somehow as she sat thinking over talk with mama and her good resolutions, she began to be ashamed of the way she had fixed her room. "I don't really see, as there was any fault that would mean fixing my room nice, but I sort of feel as if I ought," she said to herself, as she looked around about her. "Zion's Herald."

YOUNG HOPEFULS.

PLAYTHINGS IN JAPAN.

Japan has been called the "Paradise of Babies," for not only do the children have a great many toys, but many persons get their living by amusing them. Men go about the streets and blow soap bubbles for them with pipes that have no bows as ours have.

Those young Japs have tops, pop-guns, blow-guns, magic lanterns, karyidoscopes, wax figures, terra-cotta animals, dragons and flying fish, masks, puzzles and games; butterflies and beetles that flutter about; turtles that move their legs and pop out their heads; birds that fly about and peck the figures and whistle; paste-board targets that, when hit, burst open and let out a winged figure, and—most wonderful of all, perhaps—little balls looking like elder pith, which thrown into warm water slowly expand into the shape of a boat or a fisherman, a tree or a flower, crab, or birds.

The girls of Japan have dolls, furniture and dishes, and of course, dolls. They have dolls that walk and dance; dolls that put on a mask when a string is pulled; dolls that are dressed to represent nobles, ladies, mistresses, mythological and historical personages. Dolls are handed down for generations and in some families there are hundreds of them. They never seem to get broken or worn out, as yours do, and, in fact, they can hardly be the dear playmates that yours are.

Still no answer to their prayers

and though the little owners play with them, they do not dress and undress them and take them to bed, as you do. A good deal of the time they are rolled up in a silk paper and packed away in a trunk. On the great festival day of the Japanese girls—the Feast of Dolls—there is a great show of dolls, and toys, and it is the event of the year for the little black-eyed maidens. The Feast of Dolls is the boys' great day, and they have banners, flags, figures of warriors and great men, swords and other toys for boys.

But the finest toy of Japan—as no doubt you youngsters will agree—is carried about the streets by a man or woman, for any child to play with who is the owner of a hundredth part of a cent, or one "cash."

This is a small charred stove, a copper griddle, spoons and cups; and above all, ready-made batter and sauce. The happy child who hires this outfit can sit down on the floor and cook and eat a "griddle cake" to his heart's content. Could anything be nicer?—*Mrs. Berg.*

ONLY A LETTER.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

BY S. WHITE.

It is only a letter, but before we read it let us go back to a scene twenty-five years' previous.

In a pleasant home, is a Christian woman and her two little children, a girl and boy. A year before our story opens, the husband and father died, and now the mother's heart is centered in her children. Her boy (whom we will call Alfred) a bright little fellow of six years, was the mother's especial care. She longed to see him become a good and useful man and daily in her closet she plead with her Lord for her boy. She gave him all the advantages of education within her power, was often pleased at his advancements, but as the years went by, anxious and troubled thoughts pressed upon her heart as she discovered in him, wayward and unholly propensities. She would gently and lovingly plead with him and urge upon him the claims of Religion. It was with grief she saw that such talk was distasteful to him; for a time he submitted to listen to her but when about 15 years of age he shunned all her entreaties and openly evinced a love for companions and pleasures, the pure heart of his mother abhorred. Then it was that anxious grief entered the fond mother's heart. In an evil hour he left the shelter of her roof, broke from her restraint, left his home and went, she knew not whither; then, indeed a sword pierced her soul for her darling boy had become a wanderer upon the face of the earth, a prodigal walking to death. O how lonely was her home now. She was sorrow stricken. She heard of him once a few years after he had left her but what she heard only added to her sorrow. She heard that in a far distant land he was living a life of sin.

In all these years of sorrow her daughter was a blessing to her, for she had early given her heart to Jesus, she had "chosen the good part," which would not be taken away from her.

How earnestly this mother prayed to the prayer hearing, and prayer answering God, daily, almost hourly, for her wandering, sinning boy, none but a mother can know; but the heavens seemed as brass above her, and unbelief would whisper to her that her prayers were unheard. But those prayers ascended to heaven and were in the "Golden Vials." (Rev. v. viii.) She had proved God to be faithful to his promises so many times that she could not give up hope. Thus these two Christian women, mother and daughter, would lovingly read God's word, hang their very souls upon his promises and seek comfort in believing in his faithfulness until they could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Still no answer to their prayers

reached them, no news of the prodigal returning.

The fond mother became prematurely old, her health declined and she lay down upon her bed to die. She failed rapidly. The last day came and just before the soul took its flight she breathed an earnest prayer for the wanderer, and so fell asleep.

We now look upon another scene. In a drinking-house in a distant land are three young men. One, a few years the senior, is the leader of the two; they have just planned a sinful frolic, a little outside the city. It is night, and they are just starting on their evil errand. After leaving the city, a storm came on and they sought shelter on the gallery of a small house near by. While standing close to the wall for shelter they heard inside the voice of a woman in an earnest pleading tone. Listening attentively they found that it was a mother praying for a wandering, sinning boy. A deep sigh or sob broke from the breast of Alfred, for it was he, the leader of the two, for thus strangely had come the answer to his mother's prayers.

Turning to his companions he said: "Boys, I can go no further as I have done. Like that saint in there, my mother has prayed for me, I have been unworthy to live, and tried to make you as bad as myself, but from henceforth, God helping me, I will seek his pardon and strive to live a different life."

He stopped speaking and was surprised to find his companions sobbing for they had been arrested by the power of the Holy Spirit, through that mother's prayers.

Thus had God made the storm to be his messenger to call these three wanderers to seek his face.

They concluded that they would seek admission to this praying mother's presence and confer with her.

Knocking at the door they respectfully asked shelter until the storm subsided. Being admitted and seated around the fire, Alfred proceeded to tell her of his mother, how she had prayed for him; of his sinful life of seeking shelter at her house during the storm; of hearing her praying for her wandering boy, how God had made that prayer the medium through which an answer to his mother's prayers should come; how himself and two companions in sin were convinced of the danger and sinfulness of their life; of their resolve to seek pardon from on high and henceforth consecrate their lives to the service of him who had snatched them as brands from the burning fire.

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The Christian mother listened with a full heart, thanking God who had made her the instrument of so much good. It encouraged her and strengthened her faith in God that he would hear and answer her prayers for her own loved boy.

Now we will notice another scene, but it is one we cannot describe, so can only refer to it, for the place is in a better land.

A chorale of Angels singing a song of joy in Heaven. A redeemed spirit joins and hears the song. The theme is a sinner repenting. The repenting one is her boy, her Alfred, her prayers are answered, her joy is full. "For there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

One word to mothers who are anxious for the boys who have left your control, for whom you plead daily at a throne of grace, think not that your prayers are unnoticed. Oh, no! they are preserved as sweet odors in the Golden Vials, and an answer will be given in "time or eternity," for he is faithful who has promised, therefore continue to pray for those wayward boys and God will give you a greater blessing than you expect.

Now we will return to that letter. It was from Alfred to his sister, the first she had received for years. She knew the writing, but was almost afraid to read. It commenced, "MY VERY DEAR SISTER." This gave her courage, and she read it. He told her how wicked he had been, how far from God he had wan-

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Four time out? Please RENEW

BAPTIST RECORD.

POETRY.

WEST AND EAST.

In olden days, when Dives dined in state,
The poor lay starving at his palace gate,
And hungry wretches bared their blains and sores,
Within a yard of his frequented doors,
Yet, though reminded hourly of his debt,
The man of wealth was able to forget.
The claims of want on those who never fail,
The grinding tread of fortune's iron heel.

And if with want beneath his very eyes
A man could shut his heart to humbler cries,
How easy for the Dives of to-day
To fall to hear the groans of far away!
Small need of music at a Mayfair feast
To drown the clamor at the distant East.
For Lazarus no longer dares intrude
The sweet and garnished pavements of the West.

Crouched in his sordid room, on dirty straw,
He champs the bones that dogs disdain to gnaw,
And shivers, fireless, while the frozen blast
Through paneless windows whistles sharply past.
Empty and naked, comfortless and faint
He moans, and no one hears his woful plaint.
The busy world knows nothing of his sigh,
And Lazarus is left alone to die.

Five miles away the streets are full of life,
And Dives drives in furs beside his wife,
The bracelets that her small white wrist surrounds
Has cost her lord a trifling thousand pounds.
Then home to dinner, where the fires are bright
And stores of plate reflect the dancing light.
The times are bad, no doubt, but might be worse,
And Dives still retains his portly purse.

Shall the old tragedy be played again,
With Dives in the hideous part of Cain,
Indignantly demanding "Why should I
Be held responsible when others die?"
Or will the West search out the hungry East,
Ere the dull cry for succor shall have ceased,
And give what help a loyal brother can
To him who is, at least, a fellow man?

Too seldom, nowadays, the gulf it spanned
That ever wider yawns across the land,
But, while we live, the bonds of love may link
The nearer border with the further brink.
Tis death alone that makes the gulf so wide,
That none may travel to the other side.
To offer there the long witholden dose—
A cup of water to a thirsty soul.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TEXAS LETTER.

I rejoice to see the RECORD arise "Phoenix like from its ashes," and greatly improved in appearance. Your postal announcing your misfortune filled my heart with sadness, but I know too much about the Christian philosophy, the indomitable perseverance, of the editor and the pride of the Mississippi Baptists in their State organ to indulge even a moment's uneasiness as to the future of the RECORD.

The notes from Louisiana, (save the destruction of the College building at Mount Lebanon, and the death of my brother Taylor's son) are replete with encouragement. How glad I am to hear that dear old Bayou Macon Association is having some of its destitution relieved through the indefatigable efforts of the Executive Board, and its good honored Secretary, brother Tomkies.

I heartily congratulate Bro. Heard on his success at Acadia, but just now I think of Lake Charles, his late charge, cannot something be done for that poor little flock? But saying so much about Louisiana, makes me almost forget that I am in Texas. Yes, and am feeling at home with my "Lone Star" brethren, and fancy that I am almost able to pass for a real "Texan."

The population of Houston is variously estimated at from thirty-five to forty thousand inhabitants. Eleven lines of railway connect here, making this the greatest railroad centre in the South. It is also at the head of navigation, on Buffalo Bayou, about fifty miles north of its

connection with Galveston Bay. Want of time and space prevents a description in detail of its manufacturing, commercial and educational interests, the developments of which speak well for its enterprising population.

There are three Baptist Churches in the city, the First, the Fifth Ward and the German. I located here as pastor of the Fifth Ward church, on the 7th of January. I find a zeal for membership here with an interesting prayer meeting and a Sunday school, which I am informed, out number any other in the city. Dr. Zealy, now of your State, did the first work in this ward ever undertaken by Baptists. He is kindly remembered by my people and also by the First Church of which he was for many years Under Shepherd. Maj. Penn afterwards held two successful meetings here, and was induced to accept the pastorate, but his impressions to continue his evangelistic work, soon severed his connection with this flock. Bro. Turner, a young minister from Missouri succeeded Maj. Penn, but after a successful pastorate of about three years lost his wife and mother-in-law, and returned to his native State. Rev. Dr. Pickett, one of our ablest preachers, followed Bro. Turner, but his health failing, he remained but little over a year. He succeeded well, and has a warm place in the hearts of the people. We have had recently several valuable accessions to our membership, one of whom awaits Baptism. The work occupies all my time, but it is the most pleasant field I ever had. Everything is so convenient. The parsonage is about fifteen feet from the door of the church in the same inclosure. Texas Baptists are perhaps ahead of their brethren in the older states in providing homes for their pastors.

My relations with Rev. Dr. Breaker of the First Church, are of the happiest character. He is a man of professional talent, eminent learning, genial manners, and one of the most excellent preachers I ever listened to. Like myself, he has an unlimited or indefinite call, which, by the way, is another custom among Texas Baptists that I greatly admire. For three weeks, our city has been under a siege of Evangelistic preaching. Moody and Sankey began a meeting at Armory Hall on the 26th, of Feb., but continued it only three days. Of course, the building was crowded, and quite a large number arose for prayers and visited the enquiry rooms, but the time was too short to excite the interest desired. Mr. Moody, however, though a man of great earnestness, strong faith and indomitable zeal, did not meet the expectations of a large majority of our people. His discourses are entirely unpretentious, his style simple, and his manner blunt. Mr. Sankey's singing must be heard to be appreciated. It was highly commended, but like Mr. Moody, he failed to sustain the reputation which preceded him. A few days after they left the Pennsylvania Evangelist, Sayford, with his musicians Townner and wife, arrived here and have been holding two services a day in the presence of large and appreciative congregations. Mr. Sayford is the ablest man I ever heard, in evangelistic work. He is a man of the first order of natural talent, a ripe scholar, and a superior pulpit orator. He is a rapid talker, has a strong, but musical voice, is distinct in his articulation, logical in reasoning, attractive in manner, and possesses every other gift necessary to secure the complete mastery over his congregations.

He declines to tell to what denomination he belongs, but preaches sound Gospel doctrine. What a pity it is that all this eminent talent, fine scholarship, and surpassing eloquence is not employed in the advocacy of the whole "truth as it is in Jesus!" Mr. and Mrs. Townner, as singers, are far superior, in every respect to any that I ever heard, and the universal expression is that such singing was never heard in the city of Houston.

The interest is highly encouraging, upward of seventy were reported

in the inquiry room last night as having made a profession of faith.

If these were meeting in which no part of the truth was suppressed, but the whole counsel of God faithfully declared, I could enter heart and soul into the work, but I cannot feel at home in a Union meeting.

L. C. KELLS.

Houston, Tex., March 16th.

MY WORK FOR 1886.

I enter, upon my work for this year in good health and in good faith. I am located three miles north of Hebron, Lawrence county, Mississippi, boarding with a staunch Baptist and a strong prohibitionist. He is a member of Hebron church, and enjoys the preaching of his pastor, Eld. I. H. Auding.

I have a very good library for a young pastor, something over one hundred theological books, including the Old Bible, which is better than a sword in fighting the Lord's battles. My work is as follows:

HEBRON.

Is in Pearl river Association; this little church had preaching last year by Eld. R. R. Tammage, who is now on the shady side of life, but does faithful work for the Master yet. The membership is between 70 and 80. I hope to do good there.

STRONG RIVER.

This is an old church, but sadly gone down. I found this church without deacons, the old deacons have died, and many of the members have long since gone to the place which remains for the people of God. I find a great deal of material around this church, young ladies and young men, who ought to be in the work. The membership is 90 but not all enlisted, like I wish to see. Eld. J. J. Walker was their former pastor.

ENOS.

is where there is much water, Strong River being just south of it, and which will furnish a good place for me to give my views on Baptism this summer. The membership is very small and all poor people, though they seem to be in earnest, "with a mind to work." Eld. J. J. Walker was their last pastor.

BETHLEHEM.

this church was blown away during the cyclone of 1883, but they have rebuilt and express a desire to work. I also found this church destitute of deacons. Eld. S. M. Williamson preached for them part of last year. I have a large territory to travel over, through lonely country, good people, free from whisky. I am giving my whole time to the study of God's word and preaching.

If any of my old school-mates and Professors chance to see this I ask that they pray that the work may prosper.

J. H. LANE.

Hebron, Miss., March 6th, 1886.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, in Mt. Lebanon, La., on Thursday, evening, March, the 11th, 1886, by Rev. W. M. Reese, Miss. MARY THURMOND to Mr. ASHER B. MARTIN.

At the residence of the bride's father, Feb. 24, 1886, Mr. HARRY BARKSDALE to Miss L. J. THOMPSON, Rev. S. H. Thompson officiating.

OBITUARY.

Forty-two years ago, there stood by the Baptismal waters, near Antioch church, in Warren County, Miss., two happy mothers, whose hearts swelled with gratitude to the Almighty Father as the man of God lead their sons (each a son) down into the water and buried them with Christ in Baptism.

Mrs. Sarah Hemby, one of those mothers has just crossed the river of death. She departed this life, Feb. 18, 1886, at the residence of her son, Dennis Hemby, in Franklin county, Miss., the son that was baptized with the writer in 1843.

She was born in an Indian Camp on the Tombigbee River in Alabama. While her parents, Absalom and Mary Wells, were moving from Georgia to the then Territory of Mississippi, they were detained there for about a year, the Indians having stolen their pack horses. They settled in what is now known as Franklin county.

James Hemby and Sarah Wells were married, Dec. 8, 1815. They moved to Warren county, Miss., in 1821, where her husband died in 1833. She was the mother of seven children; all dead but one, and remained a widow the

balance of her life. She was baptized into the fellowship of Big Black Baptist Church by Elder Levi Thompson in 1827, after which the Church was moved to another locality and is now known as the Antioch Baptist Church, Warren county, Miss.

In 1876 she got a fall which crippled her for life. She was never able to get about much since.

She was fond of reading her Bible as long as she could see, and was fond of talking about it. She rejoiced greatly over the idea of her two grandsons, being ministers of the Gospel, J. P. and Charles Hemby, and they can feel assured that while she lived, they both had her prayers. I have no doubt that much of the usefulness of J. P. Hemby, her grandson, was in answer to a grandmother's prayers.

I have known her intimately for over forty years and I can say that she was a consistent Christian. The intimacy of my wife's mother was that of sisters, for her house was her home, while in Warren county. She said only a few months before she died to the writer that she was ready and awaiting the call of the Savior.

W. W. BOLLS.

DIED.

Mrs. MARY GREER, was born in Darlington District, S. C. Nov. 8th, 1805. She removed to Mississippi in 1837 and died in Brooksville, Miss., Feb. 24, 1886, in the 81st year of her age. She joined the church at the age of 21. During the last thirty years of her life until her sight grew dim, she was a constant Bible reader. She seemed perfectly resigned to death from the first of her illness, and many times during her sickness called her grand-children to her, and made them promise to read their bibles, and be careful of the Sabbath, begging their mother to impress it upon them. She asked each member of the family, and each friend, as she said "good by," to meet her in heaven. Her gratitude to her Physician, and those who nursed, was beautiful even in death. She was devoted to the church, and it seemed always a pleasure to her to contribute to the spread of the gospel. She was a constant and prayerful helper to her pastor in his efforts to preach Christ. Her seat was seldom vacant in the Lord's house when it was possible for her to be there. From house to house when visiting her conversation was usually on the subject of religion. In her last illness she was solicitous about the recognition of departed friends and asked of her pastor if she would be remembered in heaven, and seemed delighted with the near prospect of so joyous a meeting. Her death was a demonstration of the passage, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, ye saith the spirit from henceforth: for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

M. V. N.

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W. A. WHITING.

Feb. 24th

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